

Jackules

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Summary: Hercules AU! Jack Frost (Hercules) and Hiccup (Megara) This is a story I am writing with Lovely-Smiles on dA. We chose the characters together, I wrote it, and she corrected it.

Jackules

'Long ago, in the faraway land of ancient Greece, there was a golden age of powerful gods and extraordinary heroes. And the greatest and strongest of all these heroes was the mighty Jack Frost. But what is the measure of a true hero? Ah, that is what our story is-

In the distance stands a Greek vase with a picture of Jack Frost fighting some monster. As we get closer to the vase we see five girls standing on top.

"Will you listen to him? He's makin' the story sound like some Greek tragedy." Cupcake said.

"Lighten up, dude," said Sophie.

"We'll take it from here, darling," Baby Tooth said, blinking enthusiastically.

'You go girls.'

"We are the Muses. Goddesses of the arts and proclaimers of the heroes," said Baby Tooth.

"Heroes, like Jack Frost!" smiled Sophie.

"Honey, don't you mean 'Hunk Frost'. Ooh, I'd like to make some sweet music with him-" Cupcake began, as she jumped off where she was and down towards Jack's face.

The Muses started to hum a tune, while Baby Tooth glared at Cupcake and then smiled before speaking, "Our story actually begins long before Jack, many eons ago..."

She picked up one of the decorations on the vase and threw it, forming a staircase. Baby Tooth, Emma, Stormfly and Sophie jumped down onto the staircase and Baby Tooth started singing. Cupcake jumped onto the stairs too, running to catch up to them, before walking behind the others.

_ "Back when the world was new._
>The planet Earth was down on its luck.
>And everywhere gigantic brutes called Titans ran amok!

_ It was a nasty place!_
>There was a mess wherever you stepped.
>Where chaos reigned and earthquakes and volcanoes never slept!

_ And then along came North-_
>He hurled his thunderbolt-
>He zapped!
>Locked those suckers in a vault!
>They're trapped!

_ And on his own stopped chaos in its tracks._
>And that's the gospel truth!

_ The guy was too type A just to relax._
>And that's the world's first dish.
>North tamed the globe while still in his youth.

>Though, honey, it may seem imposs'ble-
>That's the gospel truth!

_ On mount Olympus life was neat_
>And smooth as sweet vermouth.
>Though, honey, it may seem imposs'ble-
>That's the gospel truth!"

You could still hear the hums of the muses as various gods and goddesses are chattering and smiling. You could also hear a babies laugh among them.

"Jack! Behave yourself," said Toothiana while smiling, holding a baby in her arms. She gently laid him down in his cradle. A big man with a huge white beard walked towards the two. It was North, the god of lightning and the father of the baby.

North was smiling and playing with the newborn he spoke, "Oh, look at this, look how cute he is..."

Jack got a hold of his father's finger and lifted him into the air above his cradle.

"Hah! Oh, he's strong! Like his dad, hmm?"

Through the crowd, moved the messenger of the gods. He was holding a bundle of flowers.

"Whoa! Excuse me! Hot stuff coming through! Excuse me one side, Eret."

He reached Toothiana and gave her the flowers.

"Why, Fishlegs, they're lovely," she smiled and held the flowers closer to smell them.

"Yeah, you know, I had Orpheus do the arrangement. Isn't that too nutty?" he said, before he flew closer to North.

"Fabulous party, you know, I haven't seen this much love in a room since Dagur discovered himself!"

Dagur is unaware of the comment, as he stares into his mirror and makes kissing sounds. Meanwhile, little Jack grabs one of North's lightning bolts and plays with it.

"Dear, keep those away from the baby," Toothiana said, as she pointed towards their child.

"Oh, he won't hurt himself. Let the kid have a little fun!"

Jack tries to eat the lightning, gets zapped and throws it away in frustration. Three gods jump away from its path, until Heather, goddess of wisdom, hits it with her sword so it hits a pillar made of clouds. It immediately reappears.

North patted his son on the head, laughing and speaking to the other gods.

"Oh, on behalf of my son, I want to thank you all for your wonderful gifts," he says, pointing to an enormous pile of golden toys. A rainbow appears at the top of it.

Toothiana smiled, "What about our gift, dear?"

"Well, let's see here... We'll take, hmm, yes, a little cirrus, and, hmm, a touch of nimbostratus, and a dash of cumulus." North says, as he collects pieces of different clouds and shapes it into a Pegasus-like shape. He then moves it closer to Jack, who laughs and touches the head of the Pegasus. The cloud around its head disappears and reveals a black foal's head with green eyes.

"His name is Toothless, and he's all yours, son."

Toothless shakes the other clouds off his body and falls down on his belly. He reached out to sniff the baby's face but he walks too far and falls down. He lifted himself up with his wings, however, until he is at the same height as Jack. Jack bonks his forehead against Toothless', who becomes dizzy but recovers quickly. He licked Jack's cheek and Jack hugged him. All the gods sighed in adoration. Toothiana handed Jack over to her husband carefully.

"Mind his head," she said smiling.

"He's so tiny," North smiled as he met his wife's eyes.

Baby Jack tried to bite the medallion that hung from his neck and yawns.

"My boy. My little Jack," North said, and he laid Jack back down in his cradle.

"Howâ€¦ sentimental."

Pitch, the god of the underworld, said, as he leaned against a pillar.

"You know, I haven't been this choked up since I got a hunk of moussaka caught in my throat! Huh?"

He held his arms out looking around the crowd, waiting for someone to laugh. None of the gods did however; they just looked at him sternly.

"So is this an audience or a mosaic?"

He passed a few other gods as he walked towards the cradle, saying things like 'Hey, how you doin'? 'Lookin' good. Nice dress.'

North squeezed him in a hug and said, "So Pitch, you finally made it. How are things in the underworld?"

Pitch took North's hand off his shoulder.

"Well, they're just fine, you know, a little dark, a little gloomy, and as always, hey, full of dead people. What are you gonna do? Ah! There's the little sunspot, little smootchie. And here is a sucker for the little sucker, eh?"

He weaved a sucker with a skeleton head out of thin mist. He pinched Jack's nose shut and opened his mouth.

"Here you go. Ya' just--"

Jack squeezed Pitch's finger, who gets away from the baby after some fight to get his finger back. Toothless' laughed from his spot in the air.

"Sheesh! Powerful little tyke."

North put his arm around Pitch's shoulders again and said 'he shouldn't be such a stiff and that he should join the celebration.'

Getting free from North's arms, Pitch said, "Hey, love to, babe, but unlike you gods lounging up here, I regrettably have a full-time gig--that you, by the way, so charitably bestowed on me, North. So, can't. Love to, but can't."

"You ought to slow down; you'll work yourself to death... Hah! Work yourself to death!"

All the gods, except Pitch, laughed at North's joke.

"Oh, I kill myself," North laughed, sitting down on his throne which magically appeared.

Pitch faked a laugh.

"If only, if only..." he said bitterly.

End
file.